

FROZE A SOAP BUBBLE.

Then Broke It In Pieces and Floated Them on Liquid Air.

A frozen soap bubble broken in two and floating like an iridescent, transparent eggshell on the surface of a vessel of liquid air was one of the marvels exhibited by Professor Dewar in a lecture before the Royal Institute of Great Britain.

The lecture was upon the subject of atmosphere and the curious effects of intense cold, the liquid air and soap bubble being adjuncts introduced to facilitate some explanations.

A few spoonfuls of liquid air were poured into a vessel, and the intense cold caused by evaporation immediately brought on a miniature snowstorm in the atmosphere directly above the vessel. A soap bubble was then placed in the freezing stratum. Almost instantly there was a change in the color of the transparent globe, the bubble becoming much darker; the movements of the rainbows film grew slower; it contracted somewhat in size, and a little later it froze.

A slight but dexterous movement of the rod upon which the bubble was suspended broke the latter into two pieces, which fell upon the liquid air and there floated for an hour, gradually accumulating a tiny snowdrift from the almost imperceptible precipitation constantly going on in the freezing atmosphere above.

STEVENSON'S GRAVE.

Its Romantic Site, in Samoa, Atop the Forest Clad Vaila.

No English novelist rests in a more eccentric spot than that chosen by Robert Louis Stevenson, who is buried on the summit of the forest clad Vaila, in the island of Samoa, that genial spot in the south Pacific that the gifted writer loved so well.

The day after his death at Vallima, in 1894, his remains were carried to the top of this precipitous and picturesque peak by sturdy sturdy Samoans, who had loved and now mourned their dead chief, Tusiuta.

A party of forty had previously cut a pathway through the thick, tangled wood with knives and axes, while another party had prepared the grave. With infinite care and trouble they bore him shoulder high over the rough ground to his last long home, and there, under the starry sky, they left him to sleep forever, with the Pacific at his feet.

On either side of his tombstone is a bronze plate. One bears the words "The Tomb of Tusiuta," while the other is inscribed with his own requiem, beginning:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.

The Parrot Fish.

There are water parrots as well as land parrots. The parrot fish come from the tropics, are brilliantly colored and have beaks something like those of the parrot, for use in breaking off the coral shell in order to get at the living polyp. Not all of them, however, live on animal food, some species being herbivorous. One species is found in the Mediterranean sea, where it has been known for thousands of years. The Greeks and Romans regarded it for a time as the first of fishes, and Pliny tells us how it was introduced into the Italian sea in the course of the reign of Claudius. It was known as the "scarus" by the ancients, who told some wonderful stories about its love, its wisdom and its rumination. Some having a length of sixteen inches have been captured alive.

Doncaster Races.

Doncaster is one of the four places—the other three being Chester, Epsom and Lincoln—that claim to be the cradle of the British turf. In May, 1900, the minutes of the corporation record that "Hugh Wyrall, bath caused a steeple, or post, to be set on Doncaster More at the west end of the horse-race," which was ordered to be

"cut down." A few years later "for the prevention of suits, quarrels, murders and bloodsheds" it was agreed "that the race on Doncaster More be discontinued." Eventually the corporation, with the true Yorkshire combined love of "brass" and sport, took the horse racing under its patriarchal care and turned the meeting into a source of profit.—London Standard.

SYSTEM IN BUSINESS.

Advantage of the Man Who Knows Where to Find Things.

Among twenty clerks employed by a New York importing house it was no easy matter for one to attract the attention of the manager. And it was not with any such idea, in fact, that young Gaven kept his desk and the papers in his care in the most neat and careful order. He did it just because he had a systematic mind and liked things in place.

He was always able at a moment's notice to put his hand on anything he needed. So when the manager happened to need a certain price list, copies of which had been given not only to Gaven, but to every one of the other nineteen clerks, it was Gaven who placed his hand on his copy while the others were just beginning to wonder where they had put theirs.

There was no comment on that, but a few days later when the manager again needed certain papers Gaven found them first.

"Aren't you the man who gave me that price list on Monday?" asked the manager. "Yes." "Well, my private secretary has just been promoted, and I need a new one, a man who will know where to find things. Would you like the place?"

There was only one answer to that. That was how Gaven got his first step.—New York World.

THE TINY HUMMING BIRD.

In One Species Its Bill Is Nearly as Long as Its Body.

All humming birds, though varying much in size and color, exhibit the same form of wing, legs and feet, the wings being strong (considering the small size of the bird), while the legs and feet are remarkably weak and delicate, a clear indication that these little creatures are intended to spend almost all their time in the air.

In accordance with this we find that humming birds are never seen on the ground; that even when feeding they seldom trouble themselves to alight, but suspend themselves in the air before the flower on whose juices they mean to feed, the rapid vibration of the wings causing them to appear like two fans of filmy gauze and producing at the same time that peculiar humming sound from which these birds derive their popular name.

The beak of most humming birds is long, delicate and slightly curved to enable it to reach the inmost recesses of the trumpet shaped flowers which abound in the tropical regions, but the shape of the beak is very variable, probably on account of the particular flower on which the bird feeds.

In some instances it is nearly straight, and in one species, the sword bill humming bird, it is very nearly as long as the rest of the body.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bismarck's Mystic Number.

Bismarck held, with Pythagoras, that not 13, but 3, was the great and perfect number. Bismarck's associations with 3 were remarkable. He had served three masters. He had three names—Bismarck, Schoenhause and Lauenburg. The arms of his family are a clover leaf and three oak leaves. He was concerned in three wars and signed three treaties of peace. In the Franco-Prussian war he had three horses killed under him. He brought about the meeting of three emperors and was responsible for the triple alliance. He had three children. His family motto was "In Trinitate Robor."

HERE'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS SUIT



This simple suit cut on practical lines may be developed in striped linen or serge. The small collar is faced with black velvet or satin. The coat is fastened in single-breasted fashion with three white pearl buttons. The skirt has a lapped seam on the side of the front and down the center of the back. The sleeves are also trimmed with white pearl buttons.

He Got Along Fine.

Thomas had never been able to carry a tune, and after he had been for awhile in a class where singing was obligatory his mother felt curious to know how he managed to keep up with the singing.

"Thomas," she inquired, "how do you get along in your singing class?" "Fine!" declared Thomas.

"Why, that's lovely," said his delighted and mystified mother. "What does your teacher say about it?"

"She says," replied Thomas cheerfully, "Now, Thomas, if you don't feel like singing you needn't."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Putting It to Good Use.

"I s'pose you've been very careful about th' books you let your children have."

"Oh, yes, indeed! There's our Jim—we intend him for a statesman. Jim was raised on the Congressional Record."

"The Congressional Record! Well, well!"

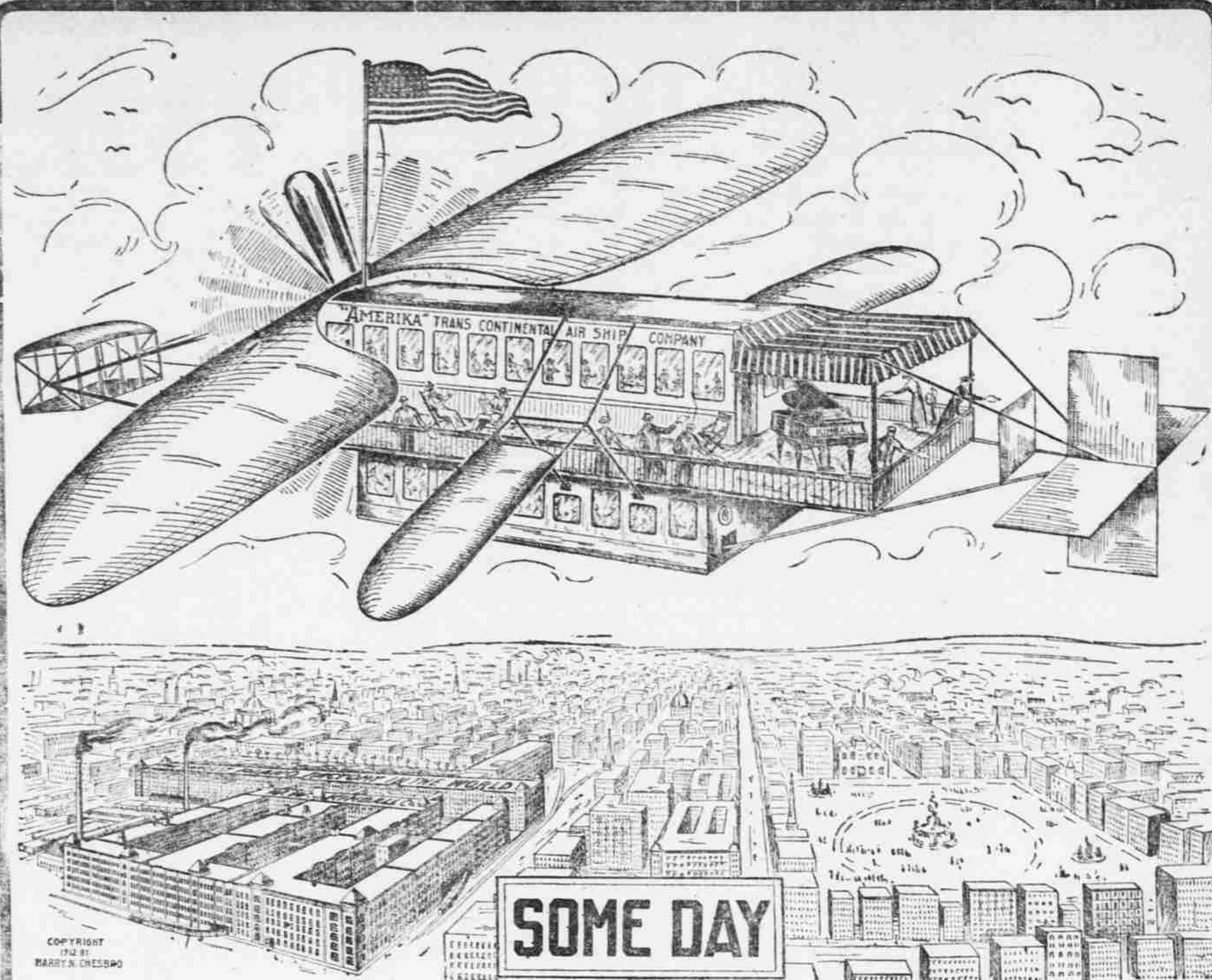
"Yes; we let him sit on it for years so he'd be raised enough to eat from the table."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Song Bird.

They say the birds are timid. Great Beavers to be so small and lovely in a world of hawks and snares and yet dare to sing as if the gods were good! In all the wide creation there is nothing braver than the heart of a singing bird.

Yet Both Made Hits.

Director—Say, my man, how is it that Shakespeare's statue is standing on



You Have Put off Buying a Piano Until the Days of Airships

LONG years ago—the day you bought your organ—you said some day you would buy a piano. But days have passed into months and months into years, and the greatest musical instrument of the age has not as yet found a place in your home. Hit the trail for Bowlby's today. We will allow you all your old instrument is worth and sell you at a low price a reliable Kimball Piano or Kimball Player Piano. Used instruments on sale from \$85.00 up. Terms as low as \$5.00 down and \$5.00 per month.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS

S. W. Bowlby Music House
1609 Second Avenue

the pedestal marked Scott? Attendant—He must have got his base on an error, sir.—Brooklyn Life.

Legitimate Question.

Father—No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie! Willie—Was grandpa as deaf as grandpa?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Casca Royal Pills Correct.

Most laxative and cathartic medicines tend to aggravate constipation. Blackburn's Cascas Royal Pills really are corrective. Take on each night for a week or two. Right away you'll feel better and soon you'll be cured. 10 cents and 25 cents.—(Advertisement.)

FIND BODY OF MURDERER

Authorities Discover Murderer of Policeman Killed Himself Also. Springfield, Ill., Dec. 13.—Posting of a state reward of \$200 for the capture of Ben Almon, slayer of John Stave, night policeman, at Virden, was averted in the office of Governor De-

nen yesterday afternoon through the finding of Almon's body. The slayer had taken his own life a few feet from the scene of the murder of Tuesday night at Virden. The frozen body lay under a back porch of the house in which Almon killed Shaw before leaping out of a window.

All the news all the time.—The Argus.

'PERHAPS'

light now, a tempest in a tin." Sibyl started to answer—then stopped. She realized with a gasp that she was talking to an utter stranger. She turned a fiery red and the harder she tried to think of something to say the hotter she blushed.

"No—never mind, I'll get him," she answered, tugging at the stone. "pull—I just—pull," wait your bucket, please."



"I'LL HAVE YOU BACK IN TOWN IN 15 MINUTES."

Then the stone came up. She waited a minute for the water to clear and caught Mr. Crab by the back just as he was backing into a hole under the bank. She held him up for inspection.

"Bravo," cried the man.

"Isn't he a beauty?" she exclaimed, dropping him into the proffered bucket.

"A perfect whopper! Beats mine all hollow. I suppose there will be a

farmhouse yonder. I was looking for bait when I spied the crab you saw me go after. There are a million minnows in that pool beyond the log. Do you want a line? I am afraid, though, that I can offer you no better hook than a bent pin. I came unprepared to fish."

"Yes, I'd love to fish," said Sibyl. They rolled away a rotten log to look for bait. The man stuffed grub-

"I need this rest," he said finally. He looked at the quiet girl beside him patiently holding the line over the water. He was enjoying himself immensely.

"So do I," answered Sibyl frankly, with a bright smile. "But I'll tell you a secret, I am off today."

"Ran off?"

"Yes, I am shirking my duty. I ran away from trouble."

A cloud passed over her face, as she thought of the hateful task ahead of her. Before she realized it, she was telling the whole story. He listened quietly.

"It is not fair to send me to try to bully a few words out of a man like Grant Hill. I get frightened to death whenever I think of it. I have tried so hard to get along, but Mr. Branson gives me the hardest things he can think of to do. Journalism is not what I thought it—O, O, O!" She jerked up the line with a shining white fish on the end, and—the bank gave way.

They were both soaked and muddy when they stood again on terra firma. They laughed as they faced each other. Then Sibyl realized she was cold. There was no sun in the woods.

"Come," said the man with authority, "we must get out of here. There are crows in my motor car over by the road and I'll have you back in town in 15 minutes."

Without waiting for an answer from Sibyl, he took her hand and they ran for the car, where he wrapped up her wet, bedraggled little figure.

When they reached town, and Sibyl was unwinding herself preparatory to leaving, the stranger slowed up the machine and spoke for the first time during the trip home.

"Miss Morris," he said, "you were kind enough to tell me your name. Will you pardon my rudeness in not

telling mine? But you will forgive me perhaps when I tell you it would have spoiled one of the happiest days of my life. You cannot understand what the companionship of a fresh innocent girl means to a lonely man like me." He stopped.

"O, thank you!" was all Sibyl could think of in her confusion.

"I too, ran away today," he continued, a merry twinkle in the gray eyes. "I ran away from reporters. I have been bothered to death all the week, but I forgot to read my horoscope or I would have known it was of no use."

He waited for her to speak. She was silent. A look of terror was drawing in her eyes. He hurried on with a smile.

"Am I so very dreadful after all?" He handed her a card. She took it with trembling fingers, and hot tears of mortification started to her eyes. She tried to think of all the awful things she had said. The man beside her was Grant Hill.

The car stopped. She was at home. O, to get away. She slipped to the ground not seeing the hand the man held out to help her.

"Please, Miss Morris, forgive me," he begged. "You haven't said a word about me I didn't deserve, so please do not feel badly about that. And if you still want that hateful interview you shall have it and I shall try to make it as pleasant as possible. Will you do my sister and myself the honor of coming to dinner tomorrow night?"

Sibyl extended her hand gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Hill, I have behaved like a spoiled child. I shall be delighted to come." The blue eyes smiled radiantly again. He bent over her hand.

"And perhaps you will allow me to go fishing with you soon?" he asked. "Perhaps."

BY ESTELLE EGAN.



SIBYL was furious. Branson, the city editor, had asked her to interview the only man in the city who absolutely refused to be interviewed.

There were men on the paper for work like that, hardened veterans grown old in the service.

Why not they? But Branson knew why. Each one had had his turn matching his wits against those of the financier, trying to surprise him into a few unguarded words. All had failed. He had little hope of the girl doing more, but it was worth a try.

Sibyl went home and cried. She was tired and discouraged after two weeks of hard work. This was the journalism that she had dreamed of all her life.

Then her pluck never long daunted, returned and she dried her eyes. Womanlike, she wondered what she would wear when she went. She decided on blue. It was her color and matched her eyes.

"I don't see why a newspaper woman should be a scream," she said approvingly to the dainty figure in the glass. "I suppose, though, I would look more business-like in a shirtwaist and black skirt and sailor hat, with a pencil run through my hair. And I—should wear glasses. Well, I guess I'm ready to hear the lion in his den. I hope he doesn't eat me."

But her bravery diminished as she neared the building in which were the offices of the man she sought. And her spirits sank as rapidly as the elevator rose.

When the office boy who had taken her card returned to the outer office with, "Mr. Hill is out," her frozen

blood thawed and dried her cheeks. Then she breathed a little prayer of thankfulness and left. She had gained a day's respite, anyhow.

Once more in the street, she looked at her watch. It was too late to report at the office and too early to go home. It was a perfect day, and the glimpse of a green hilltop between the buildings made her long for the country. She was tired and she wanted peace and quiet. She would hunt some shady nook and rest.

The car left her standing at the corner of a cornfield. A dusty road crossed the track here, but Sibyl had seen from the car that it ran past the rows of corn straight to a clump of willows. There must be water near by.

She was right. A pretty little creek splashed over the stones as if in a hurry to get away, and all along the banks were ferns and moss and brown-eyed daisies. It was so fresh and cool that Sibyl clapped her hands with delight. She felt like rushing along with the little stream to see whether it might lead. She forgot the heat and roar of the city.

As she stood looking down into the water a green crab slid from beneath a stone, looked for a minute at the great blue creature bending over him and slid under again. With a cry, Sibyl was down on her knees tugging at the stone. She had no honors in the zoology class for nothing. She would get that lovely crab or know why.

But she must have something to put him in. She looked about. A hundred feet or so down stream lay a man flat on his stomach, his head sticking out over the water. He was in cap and knickers, and seemed to be poking at something in the water. Suddenly he made a grab and flopped something into a rusty lard bucket beside him. He, too, was catching crabs.